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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1792, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the *English Intelligencer*, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—World, State, and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable features and household documents, featuring many valuable contributions from other papers, the United States and foreign, and is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Deadlock over Police Chief.

The changes in the personnel of the Newport police force, recommended by Mayor Burlingame to the board of aldermen last week have not yet gone into effect, the board being deadlocked over the recommendations. The whole matter will probably be laid before the representative council at an early date. This matter has aroused more public interest than anything else that has transpired here for a long time, even including the re-organization of the fire department. The recommendations as made by the Mayor last week were that Captain Northup should be made chief, Sergeant William H. Wilcox captain, and Chief Crowley sergeant. As Captain Northup has declined the promotion, Mayor Burlingame has now recommended that Patrolman Charles S. Gregory be chief, and that Chief Crowley be reduced to patrolman.

There was an immense gathering in the city hall on Thursday evening, when the board of aldermen were to take up the recommendations, and both sides were represented by legal counsel. Mayor Burlingame first read Captain Northup's declination, on account of ill health, and then withdrew his first recommendations abasing those mentioned above. Letters were read from T. Suston Teller, Mrs. French Vanderbilt, and William G. Ward, asking for the retention of Chief Crowley, and the Mayor said that he had received similar requests from others. It was moved that the recommendations be separated, for action, the first question to be on the election of the Chief to be a patrolman, Alderman Hughes suggested that charges against the Chief should be heard in full, and that all members of the department should be called as witnesses if necessary. Mayor Burlingame replied that he had made no charges, that he was doing what he thought best.

Attorney Sullivan spoke at some length in favor of Chief Crowley, and was followed by Attorney Mahoney who supported the action of Patrolman Allen who brought the matter to the attention of Mayor Burlingame. Mayor Burlingame took occasion to state his position in the matter, saying that he believed that Chief Crowley had lost control of the force and that he should be demoted. The board then took a vote on the motion to demote Chief Crowley, and the result was a tie, Mayor Burlingame, Aldermen Hanley and Kirby voting in favor of the motion, and Aldermen Hughes, Leddy and Kelly against it. Mayor Burlingame stated that he would take the matter to the representative council.

The following motion, presented by Alderman Hughes, was put upon its passage, and was lost on a tie vote:

Resolved, That the Board of Aldermen investigate the police department of the city of Newport with the view of increasing its efficiency; to formulate rules and regulations for officers and members that will produce the strictest discipline within the department and also to devise a plan for the examination, physical and mental test, etc., of candidates for vacancies on the permanent police force, or any office of said permanent police force, and also to inquire into the probability of further retirements from said permanent police force.

Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Duran, for many years pastor of St. Joseph's Church, residence, and well known in Newport, was on Wednesday consecrated Titular Bishop of Halicarnassus and Auxiliary to the See of Providence in the impressive service of the Roman Catholic church. The ceremony was participated in by some of the leading Fathers and clergy of the United States. His ordination makes him an assistant to Bishop Harkins, whose jurisdiction is practically the State of Rhode Island.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, there being much routine business in addition to the consideration of police department matters. It was decided to call a meeting of the representative council for May 10th, at which time action will be taken on the police department, on the matter of regulating jitneys, on licensing stores for Sunday morning sales, and on a returning board for the city.

A petition of Miss Mary Appleton, asking that the Bay State Company be required to furnish her with electric service, was referred to Aldermen Leddy and Kelly. A temporary loan of \$60,000 was awarded to Solomon Brothers & Butler at 2.08. The general contract for changes at the fire stations went to Darling Blade Construction Company at \$1600, for plumbings at headquarters to H. B. Wilson at \$492, and for heating to P. F. Conroy at \$600. Contracts were also let for repairs to roofs of fire stations, and for an asbestos slate roof on the chapel at the City Asylum. Much other business was transacted.

Island Park Fire.

The Island Park section of the town of Portsmouth, which has been the scene of many serious fires in the past, was again visited by a conflagration Tuesday evening, several cottages being destroyed. The fire was in what is known as Island Park Annex, which is well to the north of the Park proper, bordering on the shore of the cove. The flames were first discovered in the cottage of Mrs. O'Donnell, which had been occupied during the day in preparation for opening up for the summer. A strong wind prevailed and the flames were quickly carried to adjoining buildings, three cottages being totally destroyed. In the absence of a fire department little could be done to stay the flames, but a large crowd gathered and helped to remove the contents. When the fire reached an open space it burned itself out, having nothing else to destroy.

Two Bodies Found.

The badly decomposed body of a man was found in the harbor near the Government Landing Wednesday afternoon, and was decided to be that of Timothy Egan, who had been missing for some two months. Although it was not possible to identify the body positively on account of the length of time that it had been in the water, the circumstances were such as to indicate the identity. On the same day, another body was found floating on the west side of Jamestown, and was supposed to be that of one of the crew from the little schooner Fred Snow that was wrecked there last winter. Medical Examiner Sherman pronounced death probably due to accidental drowning in each instance, and gave permission for the removal of the bodies.

For Memorial Day.

At the meeting of the Memorial Day committee on Wednesday evening, Past Commander James H. Hampton was elected commander of the line for the street parade, and Commander William S. Bailey was elected president of the day. Rev. J. Andrew Jones, pastor of the First Baptist Church, will be the orator of the day, and Rev. W. J. Ward, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, will be chaplain of the day.

As the Atlantic fleet is expected to be in Newport on Memorial Day, invitation will be sent to the officers and men to participate in the street parade and other ceremonies.

Newport will have two foreign legations in the city during the coming summer. The Russian Ambassador will have James Gordon Bennett's "Stone Villa" again, and the Spanish minister will also be located here. The German Embassy, which has spent several summers in Newport, will go to Long Island this year. In addition to the two legations, Governor Whitman of New York and Governor Beeckman of Rhode Island will occupy their summer cottages here, and there will be almost countless Rear Admirals, active and retired, in and about Newport. The rentals have been something enormous for this time of year, and the season will undoubtedly open early.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Durfee in New Bedford was visited by a serious fire last week, as the result of which they lost practically all of their belongings in the house, the property that escaped the flames being seriously damaged by smoke and water. The loss was partially covered by insurance. Mr. and Mrs. Durfee are well known in Newport where they lived for a number of years. Mrs. Durfee is the Grand Matron of Rhode Island, Order of the Eastern Star, and is a Past Matron of Aquidneck Chapter of this city.

Death of Father Meenan.

Rev. William B. Meenan, for sixteen years pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, died at an early hour Saturday morning after a long period of ill health. The serious character of his illness was realized some months ago, and he was for a time under treatment at a hospital in New York. Failing to receive any permanent relief there, he returned to Newport and had the best medical treatment here. A short time before his death he submitted to radium treatment by a famous New York specialist, but pneumonia soon developed and he succumbed to the attack.

The news of his death brought sincere sorrow to all residents of Newport. To the people of his parish, among whom he had labored unceasingly and tirelessly until long after his own health had been shattered, his death meant a personal bereavement as keen as any that they have ever felt. The people of the city, outside of his church and outside of his faith, realized that they had lost a strong and able worker in the cause of justice and good government as well as a friend in need to all the distressed. Although Father Meenan devoted his life to the spiritual and material welfare of the people of his church, he was always alert to the necessities of those outside. A gentler, more kind-hearted man never lived, and many a man and woman who were allied with some other church sought his advice and assistance in time of trouble. Quiet in manner, possessed of infinite patience, gentle and kindly in speech and manner, bearing his own burden of sickness in silence while still striving to relieve the burdens of others, Father Meenan freely laid down his life in the great cause for which he had so long worked. None could come into contact with him without learning to love that great heart that beat within his breast.

Father Meenan was essentially a Rhode Islander, and he loved his native State with a deep and abiding affection. He was born in Providence in 1855, and obtained his early schooling there. He was employed for a time in a commercial house in the city, but later attended St. Laurent Academy, and afterward the Grand Seminary in Montreal.

He was ordained to the priesthood on December 21, 1878, and was assigned to a number of churches in the vicinity of Providence for the next few years.

His last assignment before coming to Newport was at St. Joseph's Church, Natick, where he remained from 1887 to 1893. Upon the death of the Rev. Philip Grace, for many years pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, Father Meenan was appointed to the vacant pastorate, coming to Newport in January, 1893. Although the affairs of his parish required much hard and thankless work, he quickly identified himself with the interests of the city as a whole and became well known throughout the community. He was largely instrumental in the founding of the St. Claro home and the establishment of the White Sisters who have already accomplished a great deal in the way of help to the sick and needy, regardless of race or creed. He was treasurer of the home, and was a member of the board of commissioners of the Henderson Home for Aged Men. He was the chaplain of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus, and also of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock the remains were removed from the Rectory to the Church, to lie in state until the hour for the funeral. A guard of honor from the various societies connected with the church was maintained throughout the time that the body rested there, and a continuous stream of parishioners and others passed through the church until a late hour of the night, to obtain their last look upon their friend and adviser. At 8 o'clock the office for the dead was read by the priests of the city, under Rev. Father Tierney, and Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock a mass for the children of the parish was celebrated by Father Tierney.

Long before the hour set for the funeral services the streets outside the church were filled with people. Seats within had been reserved for priests, members of the family, representatives of various societies and public officials, so that there was not a great deal of room available for the thousands who desired to attend. As soon as the doors were thrown open the seats were quickly filled and the entire capacity of the church was occupied. At the solemn high mass of requiem, Rev. James Coyle of Taunton was the celebrant, with other prominent priests from nearby cities participating in the service. Rt. Rev. Mathew Harkins, bishop of Providence, read the absolution.

The procession that escorted the body from the church to its last resting place in St. Mary's cemetery was a notable one, and the streets were lined with people throughout the route. The line was made up of St. Mary's Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus,

Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, Ancient Order of Hibernians, St. Mary's Boys' Holy Name Society, Queen's Daughters, Women's Auxiliary of the Hibernians, Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion, Blessed Virgin Rosary Society. Following the hearse came the priests, altar boys, relatives, Mayor and board of aldermen and a long line of parishioners. There were fully as many women as men in the line and it took nearly fifteen minutes to pass.

The active bearers were Messrs. Patrick Conheeney, Andrew K. Quinn, William J. McCormick, Dr. Philip E. Clark, Patrick J. Keegan, and Jeremiah K. Sullivan. A number of visiting priests were designated as honorary bearers.

Fatal Auto Accident.

There was a fatal automobile accident in Middletown, a short distance from the Newport line, last Saturday night, as the result of which Burts A. Hoyt, a shipping clerk in the employ of Armour & Co., lost his life. The fatality was the more distressing as his widow gave birth to a daughter two days after his death, thoro being already two small children in the family.

Nathan E. Sargent, also in the employ of Armour's, took Hoyt out for a ride in one of the Company's small runabouts Saturday evening. They were returning to the city late Saturday night, and had come as far as Coswell's curve on the West Main road without mishap. There they struck the car track and burst a tire, with the result that the auto turned turtle and buried Hoyt underneath, the car striking him on the head. Sargent escaped with slight injuries to his leg and at once procured assistance in caring for his companion. A telephone message was sent to Newport for an ambulance and after some delay, on account of the collision coming from out of the city, the injured man was removed to the Hospital. There it was found that he was suffering from a fractured skull, with no chance of recovery, and his death ensued Sunday afternoon.

The accident held up the street car traffic at that point for some little time as the overturned car was lying across both the Providence and the Fall River tracks. After the injured man had been removed the car was drawn to the side of the road and the tracks were cleared. In spite of the late hour there were many people about to assist in repairing the damage.

Hoyt, victim of the accident, was well known in the city where he had lived for a number of years. He was of a particularly genial and companionable disposition and made friends easily. He lived with his wife and two children on Third street, and his mother lived in Framingham, Mass.

Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection.

At the annual election the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

T. P. Master—Robert S. Burlingame.

Deputy Master—Alexander J. MacIver.

Sen. Warden—James H. Hampton.

Jun. Warden—Charles W. Cowles.

Orator—William B. Scott.

Treasurer—William J. Boston.

Secretary—Herbert Bliss.

M. C.—Karl Bostel.

Hosp.—H. A. Curtis.

G.—James Livesey.

Tyler—John F. Titus.

The election was presided over and the officers were installed by Past Thrice Potent Master, Elbert A. Sison.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, preached a special sermon to the members of the Odd Fellows on Sunday evening last, in commemoration of the ninety-sixth anniversary of the order. The members of Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges, Aquidneck Encampment, and Canton Newport, marched from Odd Fellows Hall to the church, the line being headed by the Newport Military Band. The members of the two Rebekah Lodges had seats reserved in the center of the church.

Tuesday was one of the hottest April days on record. The temperature approached the ninety mark in the shade, and it would have been a very trying day even for August. Many people visited the Beach in the effort to keep cool and the jitneys and trolley cars did a large business. In the evening, a light shower passed over the city, but the rainfall was not sufficient to moisten the surface of the ground. Much rain is urgently needed in order to give the spring vegetation a good start.

Next Tuesday will be the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by the Rhode Island General Assembly, this State being the first to declare her independence of Great Britain.

Mr. Ara Hildreth has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to be able to be down on Thames street again and call upon his old friends.

Arthur B. Gladding.

Recent Deaths.

Arthur B. Gladding.

Mr. Arthur B. Gladding, a well known resident of Newport and long prominent in first ward politics, died very suddenly while engaged in fishing a short distance off the shore Tuesday noon. Although about 60 years of age, Mr. Gladding was employed on the fishing sloop Vigilant, doing only the lighter work. He was in one of the small boats attached to the sloop, engaged in pulling a trap when he suddenly collapsed and died almost instantly. He was at once taken aboard the sloop and brought back to Newport, the ambulance being summoned to take the remains to his home on Farewell street.

Mr. Gladding was a life-long Newporter, and had devoted his life to fishing. A few years ago he was very prominent in politics in Newport, serving as a member of the old common council and also being a member of the city committee from that ward for a time. He was of a pleasant, companionable nature, and made many friends. He is survived by a widow, who was a daughter of the late Daniel Wetherell.

Newport Artillery Election.

The annual meeting of the Newport Artillery Company was held at the Armory on Tuesday evening, when the following officers were elected:

Colonel—Arthur A. Sherman.

Lieutenant Colonel—Robert C. Ebbs.

Major—William Knowles.

Captain—William E. Braley.

Surgeon, with Rank of Major—Rufus E. Darrah, M. D.

Adjutant, with Rank of Captain—Arthur Power.

Quartermaster, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Marshall C. Rogers.

Paymaster, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Harry H. Hayden.

Commissary, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Charence H. Peabody.

Assistant Surgeon, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Seth DeBlois, M. D.

Inspector of Halls Practice, with Rank of First Lieutenant—William M. Thompson.

Chaplain, with Rank of First Lieutenant—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.

Assistant Paymaster, with Rank of Second Lieutenant—James B. Goff.

First Sergeant—John H. Foltham.

Second Sergeant—John J. Dawley.

Third Sergeant—John Thompson.

Fourth Sergeant—Carl Johnson.

Fifth Sergeant—Frank J. Lutz.

Historical Society Building.

The improvements at the Newport Historical Society have been started, and the old meeting house has been moved back to Burney Street, which is particularly appropriate, as it was originally situated on the lower part of that street. It is proposed to place a brick veneer on the outside of the old building to make it a little safer from possible fires. There is nothing lost of the original building on the outside, but the interior is well worth preserving, and the old floorways will be preserved, as part of the collection.

Commodore Arthur Curtiss James inspired this movement, by offering half the amount necessary, and his generous offer is meeting with a response from many. It is hoped that every member and every Newport citizen, who is interested in the preservation of local history, will help in this matter. Representations of bricks will be sold, at \$1, \$2 and \$5 a brick, and it is sincerely hoped that the interest will be widespread.

BLACK IS WHITE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment. The two were leaning forward with alarm in their eyes, their hands gripping the table.

"Well, are we to send for an undertaker?" demanded Hodder irritably.

Broad started forward. "Is—is he dead?"

"Of course not, but he might as well be," exclaimed the other, and it was plain to be seen that he was very much out of patience. "You've called in another doctor and a priest and now I hear that a Presbyterian person is in the library. Hang it all, Broad, why don't you send for the coroner and undertaker and have done with it? I'm blessed if I—"

Yvonne came swiftly to his side. "Is he conscious? Does he know?"

"For God's sake, Hodder, is there any hope?" cried Broad.

"I'll be honest with you, Jim. I don't believe there is. It went in here, above the heart, and it's lodged back there by the spine somewhere. We haven't located it yet, but we will. Had to let up on the ether for awhile, you see. He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, Mrs. Broad, and my assistant is certain that he whispered Lydia Desmond's name. Sounded that way to him, but, of course—"

"There! You see, James?" she cried, whirling upon her husband.

"I think you'd better step in and see him now, Jim," said the doctor, suddenly becoming very gentle. "He may come to again and—well, it may be the last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, it's as bad as all that."

"I'll go—at once," said Broad, his face ashen. "You must revive him for a few minutes, Hodder. There's something I've got to say to him. He must be able to hear and to understand me. It is the most important thing in the world." He choked up suddenly.

"You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's likely to collapse. Then it's all off."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my husband has something to say to his son that cannot be put off for an instant. I think it will mean a great deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him."

Hodder stared for a second or two. "He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I—it's got to say something to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times—"

"It has to do with his mother," Broad cried out. "Come! I want you to hear it, too, Hodder."

"There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Broad's face. She was very erect, and a smile such as had never seen before was on her lips—a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undoubtable feeling of encouragement!

"He is not going to die, Doctor Hodder," she said quietly. Something went through his body that warmed it curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who is seized by a great overpowering excitement.

She preceded them into the hall. Broad came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance about the room that had been his most private retreat for years.

He was never to set foot inside its walls again. In that single glance he had said farewell to it forever. He had an hated, unloved spot. He had spent an age in it during those bitter morning hours, an age of imprisonment.

On the landing below they came upon Lydia. She was seated on a window ledge, leaning wearily against the casement. She did not rise as they approached, but watched them with steady, smoldering eyes in which there was no friendliness, no compassion. They were her enemies, they had killed the thing she loved.

Broad's eyes met hers for an instant and then fell before the bitter look they encountered. His shoulders drooped as he passed close by her motionless figure and followed the doctor down the hall to the bedroom door. It opened and closed an instant later and he was with his son.

For a long time, Lydia's somber, pitiful gaze hung upon the door through which he had passed and which was closed so cruelly against her, the one who loved him best of all. At last she looked away, her attention caught by a queer clicking sound near at hand. She was surprised to find Yvonne Broad standing close beside her, her eyes closed and her fingers telling the beads that ran through her fingers, her lips moving in voiceless prayer.

The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praying! To Lydia this seemed to be the most unnatural thing in all the world. She could not associate prayer with this woman's character; she could not imagine her having been in all her life possessed of a fervent religious thought. It was impossible to think of her as being even hypocritical, plausibly. Somehow the girl began to experience a strange feeling of irritation. She turned her face away, unwilling to be a witness to this shallow mockery. She was herself innately religious. In her secret soul she resented an appeal to heaven by this luxuriant wording; she could not bring herself to think of her as anything else.

She Did Not Rise as They Approached.

even out here, James. Yes, go in now, Lydia. You will see a strange sight, my dear. James Broad will kneel beside his son and tell him—

"Come!" said Broad, spreading out his hands in a gesture of admission.

"You must bear it, too, Lydia. Not you, Therese! You are not to come in."

"I grant you ten minutes, James," she said, with the air of a dictator.

"After that I shall take my stand beside him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clenched hand. "His one and only hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will be to stay out until I give the word for you to re-enter. Go now and put spirit into him. That is all that I ask of you."

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and

Yvonne was alone in the hall. Alone! Ranjab was descending the stairs. He came and stood before her, and bent his knee.

"I forgot," she said, looking down upon him without a vestige of the old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June.

On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quiet, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade of the south wing and almost directly beneath the balcony of Yvonne's boudoir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the dog-like Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was but now emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long confinement, but there was a healthy glow to the skin and a clear light in the eyes. For a week or more he had been permitted to walk about the house and into the garden, always leaning on the arm of his father or the faithful Ranjab. Each succeeding day saw his strength and vitality increase and each night he slept with the peace of a care-free child. He was filled with contentment; he loved life as he had never dreamed it would be possible for him to love it. There was a song in his heart and there was a bright star always on the edge of his horizon.

As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. She had gone through the campaign against death with loyal, unfaltering courage; there had never been an instant when her staunch heart had faltered her; there had been distress but never despair. If the strain told on her it did not matter, for she was of the fighting kind. Her love was the substance on which she threw despite the beggarly offerings that were laid before her during those weeks of famine. Her strong young body lost none of its vigor; her splendid spirit gloried in the tests to which it was subjected, and now she was as serene as the June day that found her wistfully contemplating the results of victory.

Times there were when a pensive mood brought the touch of sadness to her grateful heart. She was happy and "I" was happy, but what of the one who actually had wrought the miracle? That one alone was unhappy, unrequited, undefended. There was no place for her in the new order of things. When Lydia thought of her—as she often did—it was with an indescribable craving in her soul. She longed for the hour to come when Yvonne Broad would lay aside the mask of resignation and demand tribute; when the strange defiance that held all of them at bay would disappear and they could feel that she no longer regarded them as adversaries.

There was no longer a symptom of rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. She realized that her sweetheart's recovery was due almost entirely to the remarkable influence exercised by this woman at a time when mortal agencies appeared to be of no avail. Her absolute certainty that she had the power to thwart death, at least in this instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who attended him. Doctor Hodder and the nurses were not slow to admit that her magnificent courage, her almost scornful self-assurance, supplied them with an incentive that otherwise might never have got beyond the form of a mere hope. There was something positively startling in her serene conviction that Frederic was not to die. No less a skeptic than the renowned Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and her mother that he now believed in the supernatural and never again would say "there is no God." With the dampness of death on the young man's brow, a remarkable change had occurred even as he watched for the last fleeting breath. It was as if some secret, unconquerable force had suddenly intervened to take the whole matter out of nature's hands. It was not in the books that he should get well; it was against every rule of nature that he should have survived that first day's struggle. He was marked for death and there was no alternative. Then came the bewildering, mystifying change. Life did not take its expected flight; instead it clung, flickering but indestructible, to its clay and would not obey the laws of nature. For days and days life hung by what we are pleased to call a thread; the great shears of death could not sever the tiny thing that held Frederic's soul to earth. There was no hour in any of those days in which the bewildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that he would be his last, and yet he gave the lie to them.

Frederic had gone to James Broad at the end of the third day, and with the sweat of the haunted on his brow had whispered hoarsely that the case was out of his hands! He was no longer the doctor but an agent governed by a spirit that would not permit death to claim his own! And somehow Broad understood far better than the man of science.

The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her mother. Broad confessed everything to them. He assumed all of the blame for what had transpired on that tragic morning. He humbled himself before them, and when they shook their heads and turned their backs upon him he was not surprised, for he knew they were not convicting him of assault with a deadly weapon. Later on the story of Therese was told by him to Frederic and the girl. He did his wife no injustice in the recital.

Frederic laid his hand upon the soft brown head at his knee and voiced the thought that was in his mind. "I grant you ten minutes, James," she said, with the air of a dictator. "After that I shall take my stand beside him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clenched hand. "His one and only hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will be to stay out until I give the word for you to re-enter. Go now and put spirit into him. That is all that I ask of you."

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and

she had said so often, ... father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the end of things."

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us—yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched her closely all these weeks. There was never an instant when she revealed the slightest sign of appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But it is—oh, Freddy, it is terrible! If he would—would only bend a little toward her. If he—"

"Listen, Lydia, dear. I don't believe it's altogether up to him. There is a barrier that we can't see, but they do—both of them. My mother stands between them. You see, I've come to know my father lately, dear. He's not a stranger to me any longer. I know what sort of a heart he's got. He never got over loving my mother, and he'll never get over knowing that Yvonne knows that she loved him to the day she died. We know what it was to Yvonne that attracted him from the first, and she knows. He's not likely to forgive himself so easily. He didn't play fair with either of them, that's what I'm trying to get at. I don't believe he can forgive himself any more than he can forgive Yvonne for the thing she set about to do. You see, Lydia, she married him without love. She despised herself, even though she can't admit it even now. I love her, too. She's the most wonderful woman in the world. She's got the sweet instincts a woman ever possessed. But she did give herself to the man she hated with all her soul, and—well, there you are. He can't forget that, you know—and she can't. Leaving me out of the question altogether—and you, too—there still remains the sorry fact that she has betrayed her sister's love. She loves him for himself now, and—that's what hurts both of them. It hurts because they both know that he still loves my mother."

"I'm not so sure of that," pronounced Lydia. "He loves your mother's memory, he loves her for the wrongs he did her, but—well, I don't see how he can help loving Yvonne, in spite of everything. She—"

"Ah, but you have it from her that he loved my mother even when she was in his arms, because, in a way, she represented the love that had never died. Now all that is a tinge of the past. She is herself, she is not Matilde. He loved Matilde all the time."

"And I'm not so sure of that," said she, sagely. "It isn't the way with men. It may not have been love that he felt for the physical Yvonne, but it wasn't Matilde that he held in his arms. You can't get around that, nor can he. Matilde's soul and Yvonne's body are quite two different—"

"God, you are analyzing things!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"But all this is neither here nor there," she said, flushing. "The point is this: we are going away tomorrow, for heaven knows how long—you and I, my mother and your father. We are going to Vienna and in St. Stephen's cathedral—where your father and mother were married with poor little Therese as one of the witnesses—in St. Stephen's we are to be married. She will not be there. She is not asked to come with us. She is barred out. Isn't it the refinement of—cruelty?"

"Cruelty, Lydia? I'd hardly call it that. It's the order of destiny, or something of the sort. She gambled with fate and lost out. She's a good loser. She hasn't squealed once."

"Squealed? I hate that word."

"I hate squealer worse," said he. "But seriously, it knocks me all out whenever I think of her. I've hesitated about speaking to father, dear. You see, I'm in rather a delicate position. Six weeks ago I was madly infatuated with Yvonne. I don't deny it—and he knows all about it. God, I'd give ten years of my life if she were going along with us tomorrow. I'd give more than that to see this whole unhappy business patched up so that they could start off anew. But I'm afraid he wouldn't take it well from me if I asked him to include her in the—er—party. It's his affair, not mine, you see. He'd be justified in considering me selfish in the matter. It might seem as though I didn't care a hang for his personal feelings and—"

"She's his wife, however," said Lydia, with a stubborn pursing of the lips. "She didn't wrong him and, after all, she's only guilty of—well, she isn't guilty of anything except being a stepmother. Her meaning glance was not wasted on the young man.

He lost no time in following up the advantage. "See here, father. I don't like the idea of leaving Yvonne out in the cold, so to speak. It's pretty darned rough, don't you think? Down in your heart you don't blame her for what she started out to do, and after all she's only human. Whatever happened in the past we—well, it's all in the past. She—"

Broad stopped him with an imperative gesture. "My son, I will try to explain something to you. You may be able to understand things better than I. I fell in love with her once because an influence that was her own overpowered me. There was something of your mother in her. She admits that to be true and I now believe it. Well, that something—whatever it was—is gone. It can never return. She is not the same. Yvonne is Therese. She is not the woman I loved two months ago. She—"

"Now are I the boy you hated two months ago?" argued Frederic. "Isn't there a parallel to be seen there, father? I am your son. She is your wife. You—"

"There never was a time when I really hated you, my son. I tried to—but that is all over. We will not take up the ashes. As for my wife—well, I have tried to hate her. It is impossible for me to do so. She is a wonderful woman. But you must understand on the other hand that I do not love her. I did when she looked at me with your mother's eyes and spoke to me with your mother's lips. But—she is not the same."

"Give yourself a chance, dad."

"A chance? What do you mean?"

"Just this: You will come to love her for herself if only you will let go of yourself. You are trying to be hard. You—"

"Again Broad interrupted. His face

had gone very pale and his eyes grew dark with pain.

"You don't know what you are saying, Frederic. Let us discontinue the subject."

"Want you to be happy—I want—"

"I shall be happy. I am happy. I have not found out the truth! Are you not my beloved son? Are—"

"And who convinced you of all that, sir? Who is responsible for your present happiness—and mine?"

"I know, I know," exclaimed the father in some agitation.

"You'll regret it all your life if you fall her now, dad. Why, hang it all, you're not an old man. You are less than fifty. Your heart hasn't dried up yet. Your blood is still hot. And she's glorious. Give yourself a chance. You know that she's one woman in a billion, and—she's yours! She has made you happy—she can make you still happier."

"No, I am not old. I am far younger than I was fifteen years ago. That's what I am afraid of—this youth I really never possessed till now. If I gave way to it now I'd—well, I would be like putty in her hands. She could go on laughing at me, trifling with me, fooling me to—"

"She wouldn't do that!" exclaimed his son hotly.

"I don't blame you for defending her. It's right that you should. I, too, defend her in a way. You are forgetting the one important condition, however. She has a point of view of her own, my son. She can never reconcile herself to the position you would put her in if I permitted you to persuade me that—"

"I can tell you one thing, father, that you ought to know—if you are so blind that you haven't discovered it for yourself. She loves you."

"My son, you are dealing with a graver mystery than you can possibly suspect—the secret heart of a woman."

"Well, I'm sure of it, father—I am absolutely sure of it."

Broad shook his head and smiled faintly. "You are very young, my boy."

"What's to become of her? You are leaving her without a thought for her future. You—"

"I fancy she is quite capable of arranging her future. As a matter of fact, she had arranged it pretty definitely before this thing happened. Leave it to her, Frederic. It is impossible for me to take her away with us. It is not to be considered. I can't make a travesty of—"

"At any rate," pleaded Frederic, "you can assure her that the world isn't a black place in which she's got to spend—oh, you know what I'm trying to get at!"

TO SUFF VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body set in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making it a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S PAVOR-THE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

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Time Table in Effect Sept. 27, 1914.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Tiverton and Boston week days, 6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A. M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m. Sunday—Leave Newport 6:55, 7:25, 11:05 A. M., 3:05, 5:05, 7:25 p. m.

Middleton and Portsmouth—6:55, 8:10, 11:05 A. M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:25 p. m.

Tiverton—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A. M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

Middleboro—11:05 A. M., 3:05 p. m.

Providence—11:05 A. M., 3:05 p. m.

Plymouth—11:05 A. M., 3:05 p. m.

New Bedford—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A. M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 A. M., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

WATER

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GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

Known Traveling Men.

"She's a sensible girl," said the first traveling man.

"You bet she is," said the second. "Last night when I took her to dinner before ordering she asked me if I was going to pay the check myself or work it into the expense account."—Detroit Free Press.

Minority's Power.

"You believe in the will of the majority, of course."

"Well," replied Three Fingers Sam. "It's all right, theoretical; but it won't always work out in practice. I've seen two men hold up a whole trainload of people."—Washington Star.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES.

In the Days of Wooden Huts, Thatched Roofs and Clay Floors. The habitations of English common people for centuries consisted of a wooden hut or one room, with the fire built in the center. To this hut, if a man increased in family and wealth, a porch was added and later another and another. The roofs were of thatch, the beds of loose straw or straw beds with holsters of the same laid on the floor or perhaps eventually shut in by a shelf and ledge like the berths of a ship or by a small closet.

The Saxon thane or knight built a more pretentious "hall," a large open room like the human atrium with a slate roof thatched or covered with shingles or wooden shingles. In the center of the hard clay floor burned great fires of dry wood, whose thin wavy smoke escaped from openings in the roof, above the porch or by the doors, windows and openings under the eaves of the thatch.

By day the "hethernites" and visitors, when not working or fighting, sat on long benches on either side of the fire, and, as John says puts it, "calmly drunk and jested," or, gathering at long boards placed on trestles, regaled themselves on some sort of porridge with fish and milk or meat and ale.

At night straw or rushes spread on the floor formed beds for the entire company in the earlier and ruder days, when the "honor sort" were glad to share their straw with the cows.—Natural Dingbatt.

SEEING THE WIND.

Easy to Watch the Air Currents Flowing Like a Waterfall.

It is said that any one may actually see the wind by means of a common hand saw. The experiment is simple enough to be worth trying at least. According to those who have made the experiment, all that is necessary is a hand saw and a good breeze.

On any blowy day hold the saw against the wind—that is, if the wind is in the north hold the saw with one end pointing east and the other west. Hold the saw with the teeth uppermost and tip it slowly toward the horizon until it is at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

By glancing along the edge of the teeth you can "see the wind." It will be pouring over the edge of the saw much after the manner that water pours over a waterfall. This is doubtless due to the fact that there are always fine particles of dust in the air, and in a strong breeze the wind forces against the shunting sides of the saw, slides up the surface and suddenly "pours over" when it reaches the top.

It is doubtless the tiny particles that make the air dust latent that can be seen falling over the edge of the saw as the wind current drops, but it is about as near as any one can get to seeing the wind under normal conditions.—Washington Post.

Humor in Old Wills.

A certain Lieutenant Colonel Nash left an annuity to the bell ringers of Bath to "toll dolefully" on each anniversary of his wedding day, and contrite Mr. Withipod of Walthamstow left the bulk of his property to his wife, "trusting," he says—"you, I may say as I think, knowing myself—that she will marry no man for fear to meet with so evil a husband as I have been to her."

Mr. Jasper Mayne at least considered himself witty when he bequeathed to his valet a worn-out portmanteau, as it contained something, said the will, which would make him drunk. The excited valet ripped open the trunk and found a red herring in it. So, doubtless, did the Scotch gentleman who in 1877 left to his son's care his two worst watches, "because," he said, "I know he is sure to direct them."—St. James' Gazette.

Wonderful Memory.

A few years ago there was a teamster in Milwaukee named Israel Mullin who was able to tell at the end of the week the number of loads and their weights he had hauled for the six days past without so much as a figure on paper. It would have been useless to furnish him with paper and pencils, his memory was found to be unerring. He was dismissed once for using liquor too freely and a man appointed to his place who used pencil and paper. The first week the pencil and paper man made over a dozen errors, and Mullin got his job back.—Pittsburgh Press.

Force of Habit.

A consul in Quintaune tells a story of a man who ran a store in Relathimil who had been ordering candies from Germany for many years. Each candle was wrapped in blue paper. One shipment came wrapped in yellow paper. The people would not buy them. It was argued and showed that the candies were the same as he had been selling. It was no use, and he could not sell those candies until he sent to a paper supply house in Guatemala City and bought sufficient blue paper in which to wrap them. Then he had no difficulty in selling them.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, May 1, 1915.

It may be that St. Louis will raise the fare to 10 cents, having found that they cannot profitably carry passengers four miles for five cents.

State Treasurer Rund reports the finances of the State in good condition. He expects to come through the year with a balance of \$111,592, which is encouraging if correct.

Italy has an eye for the "main chance." She intends to know where she is coming out before she goes into the great war, and she also intends to know what there is in it for her.

The Panama canal has been operated at a net loss of about 10 per cent., or \$261,098, for the first eight months. Indications are, however, that in a few months this loss will be reduced to less than 5 per cent., and it is hoped that it will disappear before the end of the calendar year.

The newspapers of Providence are very unhappy because that city is not allowed to boss the State of Rhode Island. It is very obnoxious to their dignity to think that the city must go to the General Assembly for permission to do anything. Providence may be the biggest place in the State, but it is not the whole of Rhode Island by a long distance.

For once a Democrat is willing to admit that wages are higher in this country than they are in Europe. Secretary Daniels, giving the reason why our navy costs more than the German navy is the fact that labor is so much higher here than it is in Germany. His party's free trade actions are doing all possible to bring labor in this country to the starvation rates abroad.

Former governor Douglas of Massachusetts, the great Brockton shoe-man, predicts a tremendous and unprecedented development in all lines of business throughout the United States. He says that this country is shortly to enjoy the greatest period of prosperity in its history and that it will become the financial centre of the world, following the close of the great European war. Let it come.

The papers are doing a good deal of shouting about the good times in prospect and the enormous war orders that are being placed with every concern in the country. This all sounds very nice but when it is sifted down it will be found that the "War Orders" lack about ninety-five per cent. of the amount attributed and the travelling men, who are the best judges of the conditions of things report that outside of a few war orders, general business is just as bad as ever.

Senator Lippitt who has just taken to himself a new wife, says he will also "accept" a re-election to the United States senate. Of course he will. Everybody knew that before he told them. There are only two instances on record where a man voluntarily gave up such an office, and both of these instances are in Rhode Island, Senators Jonathan Chase and Nelson W. Aldrich both retired when they could have both been re-elected and remained the rest of their lives in the U. S. Senate.

Senator Lippitt is not of the resigning kind.

Jacob H. Schiff says: "Business is fine. The confidence of the American people is being restored, and I look for the return of days of prosperity of the like which has seldom been seen in America, especially by this generation." That depends entirely on what position this Wilson Administration takes in regard to business. There was no call for the hard times we have been struggling through. Had the Republican policy of protection to home industries been continued there would have been no dull times.

The General Assembly which adjourned last week Friday is to be commended for many things that it left undone, such as the refusal to approve the revised constitution reported by the Committee on revision; also for its refusal to take steps to do away with the property clause in the constitution.

The constitution of Rhode Island is well enough as it is. No State has a better one. The papers of Providence are fond of alluding to it as an "antiquated scrap of paper." But when you compare it with the constitution of the United States adopted in 1787, it appears to be very modern. The constitution of Rhode Island has been amended from time to time as the changed condition of affairs seemed to make change necessary, so that today it is in all respects essentially a modern up-to-date document. It is moreover a safe constitution to live under. It is always safe to let well enough alone. The General Assembly made only one important blunder. The failure to provide funds for the repair and maintenance of the roads of the State was a bad blunder as well as a costly one. It will take more money next year to put these state roads in repair than it would have taken this year, besides the damage to the State in another year of roads safely cut of repair.

Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard has purchased the Samuel E. Huntington property adjoining his estate on Ridge road. It is probable that the house will be torn down or removed and the grounds thrown together. It will make a magnificent estate with one of the finest views in Newport.

Administration Blunders.

The Wilson tariff bill, first in the articles of Democratic faith, and the one achievement on which naturally they would be expected to expend their most exhaustive study and care, was so clumsy executed that it failed to accomplish the results intended. The failure was due to crude, hasty, unscientific, secret legislative methods.

Designed to furnish sufficient revenue to finance the United States treasury, it has proven absolutely inadequate for that purpose.

In writing the tariff bill they dimly foresaw a possible reduction in customs receipts, although they did not know how much and did not ascertain facts. So the income tax provision was incorporated, in the hope that it would make up for any miscalculations in the tariff bill.

But what happened when these provisions went into effect? Customs receipts were millions of dollars below the amount needed from that source, and at the same time collection from the income tax fell many millions below the amount needed from that source. The inevitable result was to leave the treasury without sufficient money for its needs.

The failure was caused by carelessness. Had there been conscientious, open consideration of the revenue bill, sufficient to enable members of Congress to study and understand it, the reduction in revenue could have been properly safeguarded. But instead of getting accurate information and adequate estimates, they guessed at it. And they guessed wrong.

The results of this first mistake should have been a warning. But the startling fact remains that they committed the same kind of an error again. Forced by their heedlessness to provide more revenue, they passed a "war tax" in time of peace. Based on a guess instead of an estimate, the war tax did not produce money enough. For months the receipts of the treasury have been daily falling short of expenditures at a rate reaching at times more than a million dollars a day. According to official estimates the deficit will probably amount to one hundred million dollars by July 1, the end of the fiscal year.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. The fatal weakness that has characterized the work of this administration from its inception two years ago has been its eagerness to propose laws, carelessness in drafting them, haste in committee action, and stubborn refusal to permit intelligent amendment in either House or Senate after the party brand had been applied by the all powerful caucus.

Every American citizen has had to help pay for these costly experiments. There will be still more to pay until the errors have been corrected by thoughtful, intelligent legislation.

Death of a Prominent Mason.

Col. Cyrus M. Van Slyck of Providence died very suddenly on Tuesday, from the effects of a paralytic shock. He was stricken while driving his automobile. He was alone at the time. The car veered to one side, crashed into a tree and the Colonel was thrown out. He was taken and carried to a doctor's office. Later he was carried home, where he died without gaining consciousness. Col. Van Slyck was the son of Nicholas Van Slyck, for many years city solicitor of Providence, and one of the ablest lawyers that this State has produced. Col. Van Slyck was prominent in Masonic circles, having been Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island. He was probably one of the best known men in the State, and a man much beloved and respected.

Is the End in Sight?

The reports now are that the Administration at Washington, has information from responsible business sources which warrants belief that the war will end within three months. This information, it is said, comes, first, from certain American contractors of the allied nations who have been supplying arms and ammunition. These contractors state that their contracts are not being renewed and from this fact they deduce a speedy conclusion of the war. This information comes, second, from one of the biggest American corporations doing an international business, whose officials also confidently expect an end to hostilities within 90 days.

Result of Carelessness.

In the past year 442 persons have been killed and 841 injured while trespassing on the tracks of the New Haven road. Many of those injured were maimed for life. In the majority of cases these persons were not tramps, but persons using the right-of-way as a highway, generally to make a short cut, or boys or young men stealing rides on freight trains.

From 1901 to 1910 those killed in this manner in the United States numbered 30,023; the injured, 53,427. Fatalities in single year, 1913—5588—were more than those of the battle of Bull Run. And these were persons killed who had no business to be in danger.

Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard has purchased the Samuel E. Huntington property adjoining his estate on Ridge road. It is probable that the house will be torn down or removed and the grounds thrown together. It will make a magnificent estate with one of the finest views in Newport.

One Hundred Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 29, 1815.)

EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS.

The first squadron, consisting of the frigates *Guerrière*, *Com. Decatur*, Capt. Lewis—*Macedonian*, Capt. Jones—*Constitution*, Capt. Gordon, sloops of war *Ontario*, *Elliot*—*Chippewa*, *Revere*, *Dawson*—and the light vessels *Fireside*, *Flamborough*, *Splinter*, *Spark*, and *Torch*, destined to the Mediterranean, will be commanded by Commodore Decatur, and will sail from New York in a few days. The second, to consist of the *Independence*, 74 guns, two or three frigates, the sloop of war *Erie*, and several smaller vessels, will soon follow, by Commodore William Bainbridge.

They will rendezvous at Port Mahon in the island of Minorca. On the junction of the two squadrons, Commodore Bainbridge will assume the command. A detachment of Artillery and a considerable portion of the Marine Corps will accompany the expedition. These extensive equipments and judicious appointments augur well to the interest as well as the fame of our country. We hope that the naval splendor of our countrymen is destined to fill a large and dazzling space in the annals of American history. The impetus is now given—minds envious of glory are rushing into the naval service, and we may anticipate the day as not far distant when the American thunder will be felt and heard before the walls of Algiers. We felicitate ourselves in the hope that it is reserved for this country to discipline those ferocious barbarians to justice, and to relieve the civilized world from disgraceful servitude and tribute.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 26, 1815.)

THE CARTER OF BOSTON.

After twelve days of anxiety it was gratifying to receive the news of the capture of the assassin Booth. From the several accounts received, it appears that Booth, in springing from the President's box at the Theatre, caught his spur in the drapery and fell in such a manner on the stage as to fracture his leg. He succeeded in mounting his horse and was joined by Harold, and both proceeded through Leesburg, Maryland, to Swan Point, where Booth had his leg set by Dr. Mudd, who has been arrested. They hired a boat at this point for \$300 to take them across the Potomac into Virginia, and succeeded in getting as far as Port Royal, twenty-five miles below Fredericksburg. Lieutenant Doughty, with a squad of 28 men from the 16th New York Cavalry, had learned from a negro that Booth and Harold were in the vicinity, and although the country was infested with guerrillas, they succeeded in following in their track until Wednesday morning, when they were discovered in a barn belonging to Mr. Garrett. They were ordered to surrender and Harold consented, but afterwards refused, as Booth called him a coward and threatened to shoot him. The guerrillas were beginning to give signals for their assembling, and it was certain that long delay would cause their plans to be frustrated, so the barn was set on fire and Harold gave himself up. While he was being handled Booth fired into the squad from an upper window, which was immediately returned by Sergeant Boston Corbett, the bullet striking Booth in the neck.

This was about 4 o'clock in the morning and he lived until 7 o'clock, when he died in great agony. He confessed all as his head lay on Lieutenant Baker's lap, and as his end approached he endeavored to lift his partially paralyzed hands before his face saying "Blood! Blood! There is blood upon them!" On him was found a journal of all that had transpired, of those who aided him, and those who refused, whom he marked as objects of future vengeance. His body was brought to Washington, and with Harold placed on board a gunboat at the Navy Yard.

The Government has succeeded in capturing nearly all the parties concerned in this plot, the principal ones being Booth, Harold and Atzerat, as connected with the President's assassination, and Paine as the attempted assassin of Secretary Seward. Others who were indirectly concerned have also been arrested, among whom is Junius Brutus Booth, the brother of J. Wilkes.

The gallows has been chested of its rights, but it is a satisfaction to know that he was shot down like a dog, without having an opportunity to plead his love for his rebel friends.

Death of a Prominent Mason.

Col. Cyrus M. Van Slyck of Providence died very suddenly on Tuesday, from the effects of a paralytic shock. He was stricken while driving his automobile. He was alone at the time. The car veered to one side, crashed into a tree and the Colonel was thrown out. He was taken and carried to a doctor's office. Later he was carried home, where he died without gaining consciousness. Col. Van Slyck was the son of Nicholas Van Slyck, for many years city solicitor of Providence, and one of the ablest lawyers that this State has produced. Col. Van Slyck was prominent in Masonic circles, having been Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island. He was probably one of the best known men in the State, and a man much beloved and respected.

Is the End in Sight?

The reports now are that the Administration at Washington, has information from responsible business sources which warrants belief that the war will end within three months. This information, it is said, comes, first, from certain American contractors of the allied nations who have been supplying arms and ammunition. These contractors state that their contracts are not being renewed and from this fact they deduce a speedy conclusion of the war.

This information comes, second, from one of the biggest American corporations doing an international business, whose officials also confidently expect an end to hostilities within 90 days.

Result of Carelessness.

In the past year 442 persons have been killed and 841 injured while trespassing on the tracks of the New Haven road. Many of those injured were maimed for life. In the majority of cases these persons were not tramps, but persons using the right-of-way as a highway, generally to make a short cut, or boys or young men stealing rides on freight trains.

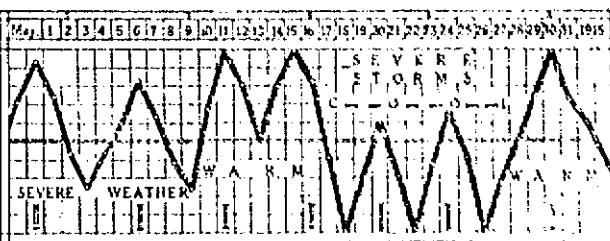
From 1901 to 1910 those killed in this manner in the United States numbered 30,023; the injured, 53,427. Fatalities in single year, 1913—5588—were more than those of the battle of Bull Run. And these were persons killed who had no business to be in danger.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of April 2, 1815.)

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT.

The committee on the Soldiers and Sailors Monument met Thursday evening and as far as possible laid out the arrangements for the dedication of the beautiful monument on Congdon park. It was voted that the exercises should

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Average temperature of May will be close to normal but much warmer before middle of month than from 15 to 25. Hot wave will come in about 28. Severe weather is expected from April 29 to May 5 and severe storms May 19 to 23. Drought will be most severe in middle northwest May 9 to 15. Most severe storms are expected not far from May 6 and 21. Most rain in southern states. Dry in Russia and drought in Central Africa. Excessive rain in Australia, the Philippines and southern China. The rain month that is expected to produce the rains as mentioned above covers April 20 to May 20.

Treble line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departure from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90°, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90°, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Copyrighted by W. F. Fisher, Washington, D. C. April 29, 1915. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent May 4 to 8, warm wave 8 to 7, cool wave 6 to 10. Moderate temperatures will prevail during that period. Severe weather and some of the most severe storms of May are expected with that storm wave. Most rain is expected in southern and eastern sections and drought in middle northwest.

Next disturbance will pass Pacific coast about May 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15.

This disturbance will bring a hot wave with drought in the middle northwest, in South Dakota and the states adjoining it. The country about the great lakes, particularly on the east side of them, will have good crop weather, sufficient rain; also all sections east of the Allegheny mountains and south of the Potomac, the Ohio and the Missouri rivers. Parts of the southern states will get too much rain but most of that section will get good crop weather.

The storms of the period covered by this disturbance will be more severe than usual west of meridian 90° but rather moderate east of that line.

We call attention to the east markets. A rather serious drought has been expected in the middle northwest, April 20 to June 20 and if it shows up, the best east section in the world will be

take place on Friday, May 28th, at which time it is hoped to have General Alger, Commander-in-Chief of the National G. A. R., present. Invitations have been sent to every G. A. R. post in the State to be present, and also to the Governor and staff, both branches of the General Assembly, the Newport Artillery Company, the Light Infantry, the troops at Fort Adams, and the Training Fleet. It is hoped to have one of the largest and finest parades on that occasion that Newport has seen in many a day.

Conrad O. G. Langley, as Commander of Charles E. Lawton Post, will be Marshal of the day, with Past Department Commander A. K. McNaughton as his Chief of Staff. The exercises will consist of the Grand Army ritual, and an address by Rev. Augustus Woodbury of Providence, chaplain of the First and Second Rhode Island regiments. After the exercises a collation will be served. The committee on collation consists of Messrs. Pritchard, Barker and Young.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Sunday night fire was discovered in a small barn on a court of Oak street, owned by the heirs of the late John T. Bush and occupied by James O'Henre. The fire quickly spread to John M. Holt's barn on Oak street, occupied by T. E. Sherman and H. L. DeBlos, and a second alarm was rung in. It was an ugly place for a fire, it being a nest of barns and small wooden houses, but the firemen worked well and succeeded in saving from total destruction all but the Holt barn, although at one time four or five buildings were in flames. Mr. O'Hearne lost one horse and Mr. McLaughlin a couple of dogs. Messrs. Sherman and DeBlos were fortunate enough to get their horses out. Most of the losses were covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barker in Middletown was the scene of a very happy gathering Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Lucinda H., was married to Mr. William E. Crowell of Providence.

Rev. Warren Randolph, D. D., pastor of the Central Baptist Church in this city, performed the ceremony, and Miss Barker of Providence acted as maid of honor. A pleasant reception followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Crowell came to this city and took the Sound steamer for New York. The presents were many and beautiful.

Mr. Frank Lincoln Peckham, son of Mr. Job A. Peckham, and Miss Laura Belle, daughter of Mr. William S. Cranston, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents Tuesday evening, Rev. E. P. Fuller, pastor of the First Baptist Church officiating. It was a very pretty home wedding, only relatives and immediate friends being present. There was a large number of presents. After the ceremony the happy couple left for New York on a brief wedding tour.

MARRIED.

A dozen trees were planted on Broadway yesterday afternoon under the direction of Chairman Cazzoni, Superintendent Fay, and Rev. M. Van Horne, the sub-committee of the School Board on Arbor Day.

A dozen trees were planted on Broad- way yesterday afternoon under the direction of Chairman Cazzoni, Superintendent Fay, and Rev. M. Van Horne, the sub-committee of the School Board on Arbor Day.

The wedding dress of Miss Theresa Fair, who is to marry Mr. Herman Oelrichs at San Francisco on June 5, was imported

BIG EFFORT TO FREE STRAITS

Aliies Advancing In Their Attack on Dardanelles

TURKISH REPORT IS DISPUTED

England Hails of Victory by Her

Troops Despite Statement From

Constantinople to the Contrary—

Sporadic Attacks Characterize Cam-

aign in Belgium and France—

Germany Launches Several Attacks

on Eastern Frontier—Italy's En-

trance Into War Appears to Be

Question of but Short Time—Bomb

Dropping on English Towns Resumed

Despite the official report from

Constantinople that the allied troops

suffered a tremendous defeat in their

attempted invasion of the Gallipoli

peninsula, the most trustworthy ad-

vises indicate that the British and

French troops, supported by the al-

lied Greeks, are still fighting vigor-

ously to free the straits and open the way

to Constantinople.

For these operations have pro-

gressed only those on the spot and

the highest authorities at home know,

the British have landed at three

points on the Gallipoli peninsula, and

have thrown a line across the outer

point of the peninsula. Other Brit-

ish troops are advancing the outer

line of fort, and the French are look-

ing after the Turks on the Asiatic

side of the straits.

Report of Turks

The Turks report that all the land-

ing parties have been repelled, but

the British reports, which are very

brief, content themselves with the

statement that progress is being made

to victory.

The official statement from Con-

stantinople by way of Berlin and

Austria-Hungary stated that Highl

and the west of British held, on the

Gallipoli peninsula, had been cleared

of the enemy; that the allies who

landed near Kala Tepeh were forced

back along the whole front, many

escaping by means of their boats, others

raising the white flag, and that their

attackers were driven into the sea on

the coast of Kala Tepeh.

An unofficial dispatch from Athens,

on the other hand, says the allies

were victorious in a battle on the

west side of the peninsula, killing

and wounding 2,000 on the Turks and

capturing one battalion.

Newspaper readers in London are

being told that all official statements

bearing on the Dardanelles struggle

are not only being controver-

ted, but are

traced with the capital purpose of

exerting favorable influence on Italy

and other warring neutrals.

Comparatively Quiet in West

Along the western front in France

there is much activity, but no big

battle is in progress, although there

are reports that the British have

begun an offensive in the neighborhood

of Armentieres.

The Germans apparently do not

contemplate a movement in force on

the western end of the line, as they

have reopened the Belgian-Dutch

frontier, which is always closed when

the Germans are on the move.

Sporadic attacks characterize the

campaign in Belgium and France,

and, on the whole, the troops have re-

mained comparatively quiet in the

last twenty-four hours. The Ger-

mans have been repulsed at two

points—the Belgians north of

Ypres and by the French at Les

Eperies.

The British and French continue

their efforts in the Ypres sector, but

the Germans claim to have repelled

these assaults and brought the num-

ber of guns captured up to sixty-

three.

Germans Active in East

There is action along nearly the en-

tre eastern battle front, according

to the official statement made public

by the Russian general staff.

Whether with the object of launch-

ing a new drive or simply as a divi-

sion to relieve the pressure in the

Carpathians, the German forces have

began attacks at almost every point

from north of the Niemen in northern

Poland nearly to the Dukowina line.

Not one attack has been successful.

The enormous forces of Russians in

the field today are able to meet the

enemy at every point and still leave

reserves for emergencies.

Heavy fighting continues in the

Carpathians for Uzok pass and in

the direction of Stry, where the Aus-

trians are threatening the Russian

fronts.

The report comes from Berlin that

the Austrians have again invaded

Possarabia, but there is no confirma-

tion of this in the Austrian official

statement.

The Russians, on their part, have

again taken the offensive against the

Austrian invaders of Posarabia and have

driven them from the border town of

Kras.

Italy Continues Mobilizing

Italy is growing restless, accord-

ing to Rome reports, and in spite of

the fact that her entrance into the

war is still in doubt, mobilization is

progress rapidly. Asiatic troops,

to the extent of 1,000, are being concentrated

on the Italian frontier.

It is reported from Rome that Italy

has reached an agreement with Great

Britain and France that it shall enter

the war if it will be associated with

a general offensive against Austria

and Italy's attack on Austria.

The agreement is said to provide

for the territory which Italy is to

get in the event of victory, and

for a new and permanent alliance be-

tween Italy and the powers of the

Triple Entente.

Germany Dropped More Bombs

A dispatch from Cambridge says an

enemy aircraft appeared over Ipswich

shortly after midnight and dropped

a number of bombs, setting several

buildings afire.

Watwich is in Suffolk county, and

is a town of considerable commercial

importance. It has a population of

about 16,000.

A Central News dispatch says that

a Zeppelin was seen during this night

at Bay St. Edmunds, Suffolk county,

where it dropped bombs and set several

buildings on fire.

SUNK BY SUBMARINE

French Cruiser Sunk to the Bottom

With Hundreds of Her Crew

A communication from the French

ministry of marine reciting the facts

of the sinking of the French cruiser Jean

D'Assas was given out as follows:

"The armored cruiser Jean D'Assas,

anchored at the entrance of the

Straits canal, was torpedoed the night

of April 26-27 and went to the bottom

in ten minutes.

"All the officers on board perished

at their posts. One hundred and

thirty-six members of the crew, in-

cluding eleven officers, were rescued

by their help by the Italian autho-

rities.

"The list of survivors has not yet

been received at the ministry of min-

es.

"The dead were buried at the

entrance of the canal.

"The French cruiser Jean D'Assas

was built at Brest in 1903. She

was 388 feet long, 40 feet beam and

had a mean draft of 26½ feet.

The Leon Gambetta carried four

POWDER AND BALL

The Deadly Successors to Man's First Crude Weapons.

FROM JAVELIN TO CORDITE.

Causes and Gums Are Merely in the Nature of Chemical Catapults—The Introduction of Explosives and the Principles Governing Them.

When the first man in the old stone age thousands of years ago threw his first javelin against a hairy mammoth he put his foot over the threshold of the problem of explosives. For it seemed to him—and our feelings today are with him—that it would be more pleasurable if one could hurt and kill one's enemy without the gratuitous thrill of having to sit on the massive task on the verge of a cavernous mouth or of having to approach within a few paces of the huge legs which might the next moment descend upon him. It would be more convenient to stand at the cave entrance on a dry ledge of rock and hurl a weapon at the distant enemy.

So man was driven to invent the catapult, and a gun is merely a chemical catapult. The trigger is pulled back like the leather of the catapult, and the sudden and extraordinary expansion of the explosive corresponds to the elasticity of the rubber or spring, the essential feature of both instruments being the employment of some source of more than human power which can be made to yield up its energy at a given moment in the required way.

Explosives are, therefore, talk of energy or power, and it is a just reminder of the fact that some substances are explosive generally, whereas quite a number of common things may be made explosive by some particular kind of treatment. When water boils on the fire there is no explosion as it is changed into steam, but if the spout were sealed and the whole of the water could be changed into steam in a second there would be an explosion. And the instance is good because it is really a kitchen model of a volcano. Moreover, steam guns were used in America in the sixties.

The essential idea of an explosive is then the violent release of some pent-up thing; just the opposite, from this standpoint, of the catapult, which works by allowing a distended thing—the elastic—to contract suddenly, whereas all explosives release a compressed thing. The release gives rise to an air wave, and this, of course, is experienced as a sound. It is the sound which is popularly called an explosion.

Now, it has been said that an explosive is talk of force, power, energy. How is it made available? It is easy to follow the mechanism of an explosive further. Explosives, as commonly used, are solid substances which, by being powdered, allow instantaneous release an extraordinary large volume of gases. The heat and pressure of a blow cause the burning to start, and the burning also produces heat which, acting upon the gases, increases the pressure still further. It may be suggested that there is no obvious reason why even a sudden and enormous expansion should cause the damage of an explosion. And the suggestion is well-justified.

It is only when they are confined that explosives are really dangerous. Gunpowder buried in the open merely causes a noise like "puff" and burns quickly. Gunpowder may be burned on the hand—it is not to be recommended as a fashionable hobby—without any serious inconvenience. Indeed, gunpowder was first used as an incendiary composition. But a firework or a gun charged with gunpowder will explode with a loud report and may cause fatal wounds.

Gunpowder is the best known explosive mixture. It is made from the commonest ingredients—carbon, sulphur and saltpeter. There are several modifications of gunpowder, other nitrates being substituted for the saltpeter-potassium nitrates. The nitrates give the oxygen to the mixture, without which it would not burn at all, other explosive mixtures containing chlorates which have the same amount of oxygen as saltpeter and the nitrates. The different powders are used in different circumstances where a more violent or a slower or a safe explosive is required, for it is not always the same effect which one asks from an explosive. Velocity may at times be sacrificed, say, in favor of a higher weight of common shell. Gunpowder is slow, and its effect is less violently explosive.

Dynamite is probably the best known "high" explosive, and the name does not stand for one particular substance, but for a large class, which are, in effect, diluted nitroglycerin and which are generally used for blasting.

Guncotton may be described as a nitrate of cotton wool (which the chemist would call cellulose). Both nitroglycerin and guncotton are less useful as explosives themselves than their derivatives, although Russia and the United States use compressed wet guncotton in their high explosive shells. One of the most famous derivatives is the smokeless propellant called cordite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is not what the best men do but what they are that constitutes the dedication to their fellow men.—Philip Brooks.

Left at the Post, So to Speak. "He was a loyal employee of the post office for thirty-one years."

"Faithful to the letter."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When there is much light the shadows are deepest.—Goethe.

MODERN BAYONETS.

Rigid Tests They Must Pass Before They Go into Service.

Any soldier will tell you that nothing in his equipment wears better than his bayonet, for this few inches of steel seldom snags or loses its shape however great the strain imposed upon it. This is because the modern bayonet has to pass through twenty-three severe tests before it is considered fit to be attached to a soldier's gun. A bayonet blade is forged from the finest steel, and the first stage of its manufacture consists of heating it until red hot, when it is placed under a hammer which deals 1,600 blows a minute. This process results in the original piece of steel being hammered out to twice its length. The bar is then heated again and rolled between two huge iron cylinders, which press it into the rough shape of a blade. Ember wheels then grind its edges until they are as sharp as a razor.

Altogether the bayonet passes through 200 processes before it is ready for the testing room.

The first test applied to the polished blade is the "striking" test. A steel arm grasps the bayonet and with great force drives it against a solid piece of wood. A badly produced blade snaps like a needle, but a good piece of steel emerges from this severe test with its edges straight and unblunted.

Then comes the bending test. The point of the bayonet is firmly gripped in a vice, and it is bent and twisted into part of a circle. It is required that the blade be placed straight up under a heavy weight attached to a lever. The steel is bent beneath the weight, and to pass this test it must lift up the mass of iron by its own strength.

However badly bent, a good bayonet should spring back perfectly straight, and it is tested for this quality before leaving the factory. The blade is placed on a curved block, the point being secured in a hole. The bayonet is then bent to the curvature of the block, and when released it must spring back to its original straightness to satisfy the rigid ruling of the inspector. Altogether a bayonet has to pass twenty-three tests with regard to its accuracy and strength.—London Answers.

CURIOS FERRYBOATS.

Crossing the River at Shimla is a Comical Performance.

Perhaps the most curious ferryboat to be found in the world is at Shimla. The river that flows to the northeast of Shimla, the chief town of the Simla hill states, has few bridges, so necessarily being the mother of invention, a novel method has been adopted.

The skin of a buffalo is inflated with air and is placed, with the four feet upward, to float in the water. The owner then throws himself over it and the one or two passengers sit or lean on the top of him. By means of a small paddle in his right hand and the movement to and fro of his legs in the water the owner takes his passengers across.

The journey takes from three to five minutes, and the modest sum of a piece (one-half cent) is charged. It is only by repeated crossings in a day that a man can earn much, but so many natives use this means of going out and from their villages that the trade is not unremunerative.

Few things are more comical than these moccasins, whether moving in midstream or being carried back to the village at night on the owner's back. They are, of course, very light and are about two and a half yards long.

They seem to be safe, except in manœuvres, when heavy rains have caused a rapid current, but at such a time two moccasins are often linked together, so that being heavier, they can avoid the rocks.—London Strand Magazine.

He Strove to Please.

Lord Charles Beresford tells in his memoirs the story of an old Irish gamekeeper who always agreed with everything that was said to him.

Meeting the old man one day when the wind was blowing a gale, Lord Charles said to him, "It's a doo, calm day today."

"You," may well say that, Lord Charles," replied the gamekeeper with hearty mirth, "but what little wind there is is terrible strong."

So He Might.

Fair Dog Owner (anxiously)—I am so afraid poor Flees is going to have rabbies, Mr. Vet. Mr. Vet—Indeed, maist I don't see any signs of it. Fair Dog Owner—But his poor little tongue is always hanging out of his mouth. Mr. Vet—That wiss, is in accordance with the merciful dispensation of Providence. You see, if it hung out of his ear he might experience some difficulty in drinking.—Exchange.

Explained.

"Miss Blunt is wonderfully pleased with her portrait in the paper this morning."

"Is she? I'm pretty sure nobody would recognize it."

"Tea, that's what pleases her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Whole Family.

"What are you doing there with the paper and scissors, Elsie?"

"Making a pig, materna."

"A pig! You're making a litter."—Boston Transcript.

Impossible.

Fortune Teller—I can see money coming to you and no sickness whatever. Clerk—That's funny. I'm the new doctor on the floor below!—New York Globe.

Not Superstitious.

"Are you really a pathless dentist?"

"Surely I am. Didn't you read the sign on the office door?"

"Oh, yes. I read it, but I don't believe in signs."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Rest is sweet after strife.—Owen Meredith

If thou art terrible to many then be aware of many.—Ausonius.

RAILWAY ENGINES

Speed of Fast Locomotives and How It Is Attained.

BIG WHEELS A NECESSITY.

But Equally Important Are the Steam Valves, the Grates in the Firebox and the Ability to Make Steam Rapidly. Other Vital Factors.

The average person thinks that the bigger the locomotive and the greater the diameter of its driving wheels the faster it will go, and in the popular mind these are the only reasons one engine can "run faster" than another.

The locomotive, though one of the simplest and best known of machines, embodies numerous devices not visible to the eye of the casual observer which are most vital elements in its efficiency and speed. For example, much of the power of the big express engine depends upon the steam valves and the grates in the firebox quite as much as it does upon the more delicate parts of the driving wheels. At the same time it is true that large wheels in ordinary fast running are a convenience and in the very highest speeds a necessity. It becomes necessary, of course, to lighten the load as the wheels are enlarged and increase the speed, which introduces the second phase of the problem—the grates and heating surface.

Fast engines, to continue their work for a long time at a stretch, must make steam very rapidly. To accomplish this the heat of the fire must come in contact with the water at a great many points. A large firebox involves a grate of large area to admit air to the fire—a difficult matter since but a small distance separates the wheels, the width of the firebox being thus limited, while the length must come within the limit to which the fireman can throw his coal.

A third factor is the counterbalance, the solid filling fixed between the spokes of the driving wheels opposite the connecting rods. This is to balance the weight of the crank, parallel rods and connecting rods, and, in addition, the force on the wheels of the weight of the moving piston in the cylinder. Lacking this balance the wheels would roll too rapidly when the rods and connections were moving downward and too slowly when they were moving upward, thus causing a jerky motion.

However, as the influence of the weight is varied by the centrifugal force, which, in turn, is greater or less according as the speed is high or low, it happens that a counterweight which is suitable at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour produces an injurious "pound" on the rails at seventy-five miles an hour.

It follows, therefore, that the weight must be heavier than the rods and connections because a part of its office is to balance the piston and other parts that slide horizontally and are influenced by centrifugal force. As the speed increases the downward motion of the weight, as that part of the wheel rolls over to the front, makes the wheel with its load press down upon the rail with so much more force than it does when the weight is moving upward on the other side that the effect upon the rail is as if a heavy blow were delivered upon it with a hammer.

So to use an engine successfully at the highest speed it is necessary to make the counterweight lighter than would be correct for moderate speeds. The light weights are not necessarily dangerous at the lower speed, but their use would cause unnecessary wear and tear on the engine and the track and in some cases would even cause unpleasant jerks upon the passenger cars. For this reason fast engines are seldom built unless they can be used in fast service all the time.

Properly proportioned valve operation are absolutely essential to a fast engine. These admit the steam to the opposite ends of the cylinder alternately, as the connecting rod moves first forward and then backward, and in a fast engine they must admit a large volume of steam very quickly. The valves must be moved so as first to open one passage and close the other and then as rapidly as possible close the first and open the second.

It will be noticed by even the most casual observer that the opening to let the steam out of the cylinders into the smokestack is several times as large as that for admitting the "live" steam. But even with this it requires a considerable amount of power to force the steam out with sufficient quickness. This must be done in the fraction of a second.

There are many engines that can get steam into the cylinders quickly enough and that are otherwise all right for high speed, but which are not so arranged to get rid of this steam which has been used and is only in the way. It is this rapid expulsion of the "dead" steam that makes the vigorous puffs at the top of the chimney that seem to indicate that the locomotive is doing a tremendous amount of work. It should be remembered, however, that this noise is not the result of real work, but only of this after operation, which engine builders would avoid. There is a class of locomotives, those arranged on the "compound system," in which the puffs are so faint that the engine would seem to be doing nothing at all.—Washington Star.

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"Oh, yes. I read it, but I don't believe in signs."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Rest is sweet after strife.—Owen Meredith

If thou art terrible to many then be aware of many.—Ausonius.

So Easy.

Gavin—There's one thing I like about Jones' shop; you can order your goods through the telephone and after a short wait have them delivered. Bailey—That is just what I don't like. Gavin—What? Bailey—The short weight.—New York Journal.

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Guarding Gold at Sea.

GUARDING GOLD AT SEA.

Armor Plate Rooms on Ocean Liners For Holding Bullion.

It would be natural to suppose that shipments of gold bullion back and forth across the Atlantic on big liners would be attended by considerable precaution, but there is probably no other place in the world where the transport of great wealth is carried on with such simplicity.

One of our great liners has two strong rooms, the smaller being in close proximity to the captain's quarters, while the other is next to the provision department. The small strong room has its walls, floor and ceiling lined with two inch steel plate and contains nothing in the way of furnishing other than shelves. This has more than once contained enough gold to buy the liner many times over.

The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by covering the keyholes with steel loops, which are themselves locked in place with massive padlocks. This strong room being located in the most frequented portion of the ship, is passed by persons at all hours of the day and night, which, after all, is the great protection.

The strong room located near the provision department is twelve feet long by four feet wide, and it often happens that both these rooms are filled to capacity with gold bullion. On one occasion the two rooms contained \$20,000,000 in gold bullion, packed in small bags bound with steel loops.—London Answers.

TAUGHT HIM HIS DUTY.

Now He Knows All About the Etiquette of the Dressoir.

The Siberian method of riding in a dressoir requires no etiquette at all, own, which, although sometimes surprising to the English traveler who encounters it for the first time, is based upon practical considerations. The danger of being thrown out has determined the prevailing usage, says Mrs. John Clarence Lee in "Across Siberia Alone."

14 a gentleman escorts a lady. It is his duty to hold her in the carriage—not an easy occupation. He accomplishes this by putting his arm round her waist. A man who fails to do so is considered as lacking in courtesy. When you have become acquainted with the custom it seems entirely sensible and comfortable, but it seems strange at first to find yourself settling back into a carriage with your arms.

An American who had lived in Russia and whom we met in China told us that he was driving with a woman physician, a Russian, middle aged and of robust Russian type. He knew nothing about his duty toward her, and when he thrashed round that three by five dressoir until the woman turned angrily toward him.

"Have you been brought up in the backwoods that you don't know enough to hold me in this dressoir?" she said.

"He immediately put his arm round her waist as far as it would go and held on hard."

How Standing Armies Originated.

The earliest European standing army was that of Macedonia, established about 358 B. C. by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having been preceded only by that of Sesostris Pharaoh of Egypt, who organized a military caste about 1600 B. C. Of modern standing armies, that formed by the Turkish Janizaries was first, being fully organized in 1362. It was a century later that the standing army of France, the earliest in western Europe, was established by Charles VII, in the shape of "compagnies d'ordonnance," numbering 9,000 men. Rivalry therewith compelled the nations to adopt similar means of defense. In England a standing army proper was first established by Cromwell, but was disbanded under Charles II, with the exception of a few regiments called the guards, or household brigade. This was the nucleus of England's present army.

FORCES OF NATURE.

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ASK ANY HORSE

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Sold by dealers everywhere

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WHEN MEN WORE MUFFS.

Likewise Silk Stockings and Plaid
Shawls and Capes.In the good old days about which so
many men so drearily read and pro-
fess to reverence, and when men were
believed to be more bold and dashing
and daring than they are now, the muff
was the thing of winter wear for men.
It was a regular part of a gentleman's
cold weather toilet.Among Horace Walpole's Christmas
gifts to his friend George Montagu, in
1762, were "Anecdotes of Painting," a
pamphlet on "Libels," the "Castle of
Otranto" and a muff. That was the
period of men's apparel for
men. It had been an article of men's apparel for
many years before, and men retained
the muff for long years afterward, it
being cast off when men forsook col-
ored silks and satins, raro laces and
leather shoe buckles.It was not so far back in American
history that men wore silk stockings—
not merely silk socks—and knee garters
and fancy garter buckles, and
fancy men walking the streets of
Washington today remember when
the sea were brilliant plaid shawls
and when the cloth cap, called a
"tulip," was the height of masculine
fashion. Now and then one sees a
man of the old school walking
about with a gold-headed cane and
wearing a somewhat northeast, frayed

A Heart.

Being unmarried Prof. Dr. Privy
Counselor Taubenfelder of the University
of Stockwold was compelled to make
his way along the pathways of the
Golden Eagle, when his invariably limited
himself to one-half liter of the
creamy amber beer which, next to the
university, was the greatest institution
of this town. Once there, however, he
did not lack for company, being surrounded
not only by other citizens listening
to something more, but also by a host of
students who, having been attracted to
Stockwold chiefly by the professor's
fame, deemed themselves honored by
his permission to sit near and hawk
respectfully to the works of his wisdom.

It is well-known that all that occurs
inside of the house up to now in
the world has worthily gained a great
reputation as Prof. Dr. Taubenfelder.
He went home one evening at the
usual hour and was received at the
door by Mina, his old nurse, who, was
took his overcoat and hat and bade him
good-night. Then he made his way to his
room, which opened upon his laboratory
and his wonderful private collection.
Sitting in his favorite armchair
near a tuba covered with glass jars
containing specimens, he bathed himself
that undergrowth was possibly
becoming slightly difficult of digestion
for his elderly stomach.

Picking up a pamphlet noteworthy
by virtue of some rather startling and
novel theories, he became much interested,
and his keen and intellectual intellect
at once suggested certain contro-
versy facts. The booklet fell upon
his lap, but while he meditated and
closed his eyes.

Suddenly he was aroused from his ro-
wes by a light touch on the arm.

Looking up in some bewilderment he
found that a young lady had slipped in
to the room—surely an unheard of intrusion
and was standing beside his chair.

He gazed at her in no little amazement.
It seemed to his rather inex-
perienced eyes that her dainty raiment
was not of modern fashion and that
the dressing of her hair was of
the style of years and years ago.

"My dear Fritzel," she said, brightly.

He could only shudder in ascent.

"I am very glad," she uttered, "I
know you would be pleased to see your
little second cousin. I say that you
are still occupied with your old pursuits,
dear me, how who and learned you
ever were, dear Fritzel. How wonderful
that one man should be able to re-
membrace so much knowledge. It
makes me dreadfully insignificant."

Consequently he raised one hand in
mute protest, but she continued:

"You know all that can be learned
about hearts, with perhaps the exception
of human being is wholly except
from error, and even you made a
little mistake once, it seems to me."

"A mistake!" cried the professor.

"Just a little one, dear Fritzel. I
may be able to show you."

Shaken into his laboratory, in which
were many big shelves covered with
glass jars. The light hardly penetrated
the room, yet she went unerringly to a
corner and put her hand up quite high,
rising on her toes. Then she returned
with a whoo-hooed reciprocation in which
hung a specimen.

"There it is!" she cried. "I know
where it was."

The professor took the jar from her,
No. 371, he said. "It is the heart of
Latia, my little cousin."

"Yes," she assented; "It is my
heart and must have been quite
interesting. It must have passed under
the eyes of many eager students, and
perhaps it was taught them just a lit-
tle." "But there was no mistake
here," stated the professor.

"We will call it your inability to
see everything," said the young woman
soothingly. "There always must be
some little thing that escapes us in
this world or we should no longer be
men and women. I was a little
younger than you, although we often
played together, and I was very un-
happy when you went away to study
and become a great man. When you
returned during the holidays that
always seemed dreadfully short the child
admired you, and you were always very
kind to her. At the expectations of
your homecoming her heart would beat
a great deal faster. As the songs
passed into yours that admiration and
these horizons changed into something
that was a longing, a wonderful
desire, yet you began to come more
sober, and the time you could appro-
ach me grew less. Your thoughts trav-
eled beyond me, from the world at your
feet to greater and always going fur-
ther away; yet as the distance between
us increased the longing became keener
until it became a pain that clutched
that little heart and hurt it so deeply
that at night I had to weep with
the pang it brought me. I was a big girl
then. Indeed, I had become a woman."

"Poor little Latchen," said the old
professor, taking one of her soft hands
within his wrinkled ones.

"Then my mother called in the old
family doctor, and he listened long
and shook his head."

"Dr. Taubenfelder, the young lady's
cousin," he said, "is the man who should
have consulted about her case. He is now
probably the greatest expert in the
country for troubles of the heart, and
is the one best able to cure her."

"Therefore we came to see you, and
you also listened long to that heart and
asked many questions and wrote learned
things on bits of paper, but when I
sought to read them I could not under-
stand. You did not write the few
words that might have healed my
heart, and you surely never thought to
say them; hence I knew when we were
coming home that I should not be
cured."

The professor by this time had bent
down until his sharp elbows rested upon
his knees and his face was in the
hole of his hand.

"Once I heard you saying to my
mother that I did not respond to treat-
ment. That was the little mistake,
Fritzel, dear, for indeed I would have
responded to a kiss from your dear lips.

How wonderfully the pressure of your
arms might have stilled the unruly
throb of that heart! Sometimes in
the morning you were surprised to find
me looking ever so much better. Do
you know the reason, Fritzel? It was
because during the long, long nights I
dreamed that you had come to me and
whispered low, sweet things more
poetic than drugs."

"Poor little Latta! Poor little girl!"
cried the professor.

"Truly, dearest, I loved you until the
end and always understood. Mine was
only one among the myriad hearts
who were throbbing all the world over for
things that could not be. Yours was
that of a great man upon whose lips the
world hung in order to listen to
marvelous wisdom and from whose pen
flowed a stream that meant hope and
joy and life renewed for suffering man-
kind. I was like a humble worshiper
of a great god which burned and seared
me as I did reach it. Your strength
was to give for the child at your feet,

your thoughts too lofty, and it was this
that left a loophole for the little mis-
take. You could not see that the un-
true heart thrashed on your account
that every flavor of it was entwined
about you. How could you have known
this?"

The professor could not answer. He
was listening happily to things into
which his philosophy had never delved.
Within his breast were waking regrets
and longings from which he had always
thought himself immune.

"Fritzel, dear," she continued and
from her lips his boyhood's name
resounded wondrously sweet, "you must
have groaned over that little mistake, for
I have very long been regaled by it.
Somewhat I was pleased to think that
you were not able to see. You were
always so good and kind to me that per-
haps if your vision had been clearer you
might have been drawn away from your
great work. Your affection for the
child companion of your boyhood days
might have changed into a great com-
passion, and that might have led you to
offer me the great and only remedy, a
place within your heart. And then I
should have clung to you, as the ivy
around the oak, and perhaps I should
have hindered your full development.
Since my head is only so high as your
breast, you would have been compelled
to look at lower levels and to give to
love some of the person you have
bestowed upon research. The quiet of
your workshop might even have been
disturbed by the noise of baby notes
by cries of little things that would
have been flesh of your flesh, and would
also have claimed the skins of your love
and minutes out of your busy hours.
Doubtless everything happened for the
best, since my heart was only one of a
series, as you said, while your per-
sonality was that of one too great to no-
tice such little things."

"It was that of a blind person!"
cried the old professor, with one hand
hard pressed upon his breast. "It was
that of one who could not see that a
love like yours is the very best, and
greatest reward a man can strive for."

"Oh, Fritzel, dearest!" she ex-
claimed like a mother trying to control
a hurt child, "I fear now that your
goodness is leading you away and bringing
you to mothers that do not bolt a
learned professor. Just now how much
I have disturbed you in these few instants,
I should indeed have been a
great hindrance to you."

"I am very glad," she uttered, "I
know you would be pleased to see your
little second cousin. I say that you
are still occupied with your old pursuits,
dear me, how who and learned you
ever were, dear Fritzel. How wonderful
that one man should be able to re-
membrace so much knowledge. It
makes me dreadfully insignificant."

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly given. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible, and as clear as possible. 4. Write outside of the paper only. 5. In answering a query always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and full signature.

Direct all communications to Mrs. E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1915.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society. — E. M. T.

Continued.

1798. Taggart, Hon. Wm. former Judge Supreme Court, died at Newport, Jan. 2, age 69.

1800. Tillinghast, Thoms of East Greenwich, elected member of Congress, in place of Mr. Champlin, Sept. 11.

1801. Turner, Dr. Wm. commenced practice.

1802. Thurston, Rev. Gardner, died Aug. 29, age 81 yrs., son of Edward and Elizabeth, Pastor of 2nd Baptist Ch. Newport for many years.

1803. Taver, Levi opened his academy in Newport on June 24.

1804. Tonney, Rev. Caleb Jouett ordained pastor 2nd Congregational Church, Sept. 12.

1806. Theatre in Newport opened under the management of Mr. Harper. John Hodgkinson performed 6 nights in crowded houses. Mr. Charnock raised a balloon of 50 feet, August. Mr. Hodgkinson died in Washington, Sept. 11.

1805. Townsend, Deborah, widow of Eleazar, died age 84.

1805. Tew, Ann, widow of James, died age 84.

1806. Tillinghast, Wm. died.

1806. Townsend, Robert M., died.

1806. Tew, Ann, died age 42.

1806. Tornado, a furious occurred on the 24th June, doing great damage on the farm of late Wm. Channing.

1806. Theatre Newport opened July 1, by the following Company: Messrs. Harper, Darley, Bates, Clarke, Dykes, Haynes, Barnes, Trumble, Joces, Mezines, Harper, Claude, Darley, Downey; Mr. Jones above died at Charlestown, S. C. Aug. 7, suddenly.

1806. Tyrell, Thomas Trump died Jan. 25, age 66.

1806. Tilley, Mary, wife of James, died May 21, age 41.

1806. Tubs, Capt. Elisha and 2 of his crew drowned by upsetting a boat in Newport Harbour, Jan. 1, of New London.

1806. Tew, Col. William a Capt. in Revolution died suddenly, Oct. 31, age 64 yrs. (by trade a tailor.)

1809. Townsend, John, formerly Town Treasurer, died Mar. 12, age 77.

1809. Townsend, Christopher died April 3, age 70.

1809. Taylor, Peter died age 73.

1809. Thurston, John Esq. formerly Newport, died at Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1808.

1810. Tower, Levi, delivers oration, July 4th.

1810. Taylor, Robert, Tax collector, Newport, died Oct. 7, age 76 yrs.

1810. Tisdale, Eliz' D., wife of Wm. died July 12, age 22 yrs.

1810. Townsend, Mary, wife of Thomas, died July 15.

1810. Thurston, Mary, died Sept. 12, age 22.

(To be continued.)

Abstract of Wills from Newport Town Records, Probate Book 3.

Ferguson, Adam, Will dated April 12, 1797; proved, July 14, 1800. Sole heir & executrix daughter Isabella Ambrose. Witnesses: John Grelea, Joseph Mumford, B. Pitman Jr.

Freebody, Samuel, Will, dated Jan. 18, 1800; proved, May 4, 1800; Codicil dated Mar. 24, 1800. Mentions wife Elizabeth, son John, daughter Esther. Witnesses: Sam. Gibbs, Heslop, Malen, Hullock, Huddy, wife Elizabeth & son John executors, — also respected friend Ben. Gardner, Middletown, Greene, Rebekah, formerly of N. Kingston. Will: dated, Dec. 25, 1799; Proved, Mar. 3, 1800. Mentions daughter Susannah Nightingale wife of George Nightingale. Witnesses: Benj. Barker, Stephen Barker, Eliz' D. Burlingham, Benj. Howland of East Greenwich. Executor.

Greene, John, Will: dated, Jan. 9, 1800; Proved, July 6, 1801; Codicil May 28, 1801. Mentions son Stephen Greene; wife, Mary Greene; son, Samuel Greene. — Executors. Witnesses: J. Grelea, Abigail Handy, Eliza Dewers.

Greene, Thomas, Distiller's Estate, (employed by Gibbs & Channing.) Book 3 page 562 mentions wife, Elizabeth.

Hart, William, of Bristol, Will: dated, April 29, 1800; proved, Mar. 19, 1801. Mentions sole heir & executor sister, Ruth Hart. Witnesses: Josiah Finney, Royal Diman, Thos. Bosworth.

Hazard, George, Will: dated, Feb. 3, 1797; proved, July 6, 1801; Codicil May 28, 1801. Mentions son Stephen Greene; wife, Mary Greene; son, Samuel Greene. — Executors. Witnesses: J. Grelea, Abigail Handy, Eliza Dewers.

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Hazard, George, Will: dated, Feb. 3, 1797; proved, July 6, 1801; Codicil May 28, 1801. Mentions sons, Edward Hazard, Arnold Hazard, Gov. Wanton Hazard, Nathaniel Hazard; Son-in-law Dr. George Hazard; Son Carter Hazard; Dau. Sarah Hazard; grand ch., Martha Channing, Ruth Channing, Martha Rogers; Dau. Free love Sophia Hazard; Beloved wife Jane Hazard. Witnesses: James Cahoon, Sam'l. G. Fowler, John Almy. Executors, wife Jane, son Nathaniel.

Hazard, John A. & Frances his wife. Release, Benjamin Wanton Gardner, heirs of Dan'l Gardner, Dec'd., to Geo. C. Hazard.

Lyndon, Caleb, Guardian of Nathaniel Lyndon, Minor, Dec. 3, 1798.

Lawton, Jonathan, Will: dated Dec. 3, 1799; proved Aug. 3, 1801. Mentions wife: sons, Jeremiah, Jonathan, daughter, Free love Cutler; grandch., Wm. Howard, Rob't Brattel, Phoebe Howard, Eliz' B. Wm. Hart. Witnesses: J. Galea, Eliza Galea, Patience Wilcocks. Son Samuel Lawrence Executor.

Merchant, Henry, Will: dated Aug. 15, 1796; proved Sept. 5, 1798. Mentions wife, Rebecca; daughters, Sarah Merchant, Elizabeth Sessions; Son, William Merchant. Witnesses: Wm. Ellery, Daniel W. Hoockey, Edm' T. Ellery, Son Wm. Merchant executor.

Cranton, Esther, wife Adriana

tration on estate of granted to Esther Morris, Oct. 21, 1799. (To be continued.)

Queries

8175. COOK. Can someone give me line back to original owner from Patience Cook, b. 1728, Jan. 18, dau. of Ebenezer of East Greenwich R. I.? Simply names only—no dates needed. — J. O. A.

8176. WORDEN, PERTHULTON. — Can anyone tell me of Sarah Worden of Newport, R. I.? She married in 1724. Joseph Panderton of Westerly R. I. was she a descendant of gov. Thomas Hinkley of Massa? — A. G.

8177. WILCOX, BURNICK. — Peleg Wilcox b. in Westerly, R. I., 1729, married in 1814 Thankful Burdick b. 1781 at Westerly. They moved to Norway, N. Y., where both are buried. They had eight children. The names of the parents of both are desired, and any Rev. record of either family. — V. A.

8178. SPINK. — Wanted the Revolutionary record of Shiba Spink, descendant of Robert Spink of R. I., 1685. Family tradition points conclusively to services of Shiba Spink in the war, and says that he received a pension, that he was in the Battle of Long Island and at Valley Forge, but exact proof is wanting. He and his brother Ishmael agreed to aid in the war. Ishmael died very soon of small pox and Shiba took his place answering to that name. Any assistance in proving the war record of Shiba will be greatly valued. — K. M.

8179. CRANDALL. — Wanted parentage of John Crandall, also maiden name of wife, Mary. They moved from Rhode Island late in the 18th century to Herkimer Co., N. Y., and left seven children. Five of them were named John, Robert, Ira, Mary, and Euclid. Mary was b. in 1810. — P. S.

PORTSMOUTH. — (From Our Regular Correspondent.)

A Portuguese workman engaged by Gideon W. Almy narrowly escaped serious injury on Monday. While working on a small building one of the props was dislodged and the building fell on him. At first it was feared that he was badly injured but a physician found that aside from a few slight cuts and bruises he was uninjured.

Mrs. Abby Manchester who has been ill for the past three weeks is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. David P. Hedy and son who have been spending the past month with Mrs. Abner P. Anthony, Mrs. Ivah Finn, Misses Ruth Brown, Mollie, Louise and Bessie Gray and Elizabeth Simmons. Mrs. John E. Manchester was in charge of the dining room. Mrs. Emma Sherman had charge of pies and rolls, and Mrs. J. O. G. Peckham of tea and coffee. The supper committee was Mrs. William Gilford, Mrs. Isaac Gray and Mrs. William G. Abro. Mr. John Simmons sold supper tickets. The sale was held in the lower hall. Mrs. Francis P. Conway and Mrs. B. P. Sherman presided at the fancy-work table; Miss Ruth Lawton at the apron table; and Mrs. George Elliott and Mrs. Emerson Bishop at the cake and candy table. Knowo's orchestra furnished music for dancing. The affair was a decided success and many people were present from the surrounding towns. Mrs. William R. Hunter, president of the society was in charge of all arrangements. The proceeds are for the Home for the Aged in Newport. The Society has been made happy recently by the gift of five dozen each of silver knives, forks and spoons, and these were used for the first time at the supper Tuesday evening. The silver was the gift of Mrs. William R. Hunter.

Miss Alice N. Brayton entertained the Helping Hand Society at her home Tuesday afternoon. There was a business session, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in making May-baskets for a social to be held in the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal Church on May 7th.

Misses Florence and Bertha Howell are ill with measles.

Mr. Harry Dale of Boston is visiting his family here.

Mrs. Frank Slack of Providence has been guest of Mrs. Sydney Thomas.

Mrs. Almina Tallman has been visiting relatives in Newport. She attended the birthday celebration of Mr. William H. Arnold.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Remington of Providence.

Mrs. Charles E. Childs and Mrs. W. S. Hopkins of Providence have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

The regular meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Friends' Church, with a large attendance. The afternoon was spent in sewing and there was a business session. Supper was served. In the evening an informal entertainment was held. Those assisting were Rev. James M. Estes, Miss M. Finis Macomber, Miss Catherine Boyd, Miss Margaret Holman and Miss Gladys Poor.

Mrs. George Grinnell who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William B. Mott has returned to the home of her son A. F. Grinnell.

Mrs. John F. Chase who has been spending the winter with her son Arthur Chase has gone to Bridgewater, Mass., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Bennett.

Mr. Andrew Chase, the oldest man in Portsmouth, who has been confined to his home by illness for the past three months, is able to get out of doors some.

Mrs. William J. Barker is ill with rheumatism.

Mrs. George R. Hicks is quite ill.

Maud—I said to Jack that I wasn't going to return his ring until I got one from another man.

Ethel—He told me he never expected to get it back.

His Wife—Oh, I'm so tired.

"I don't wonder, dear. But take off your smile and lie down for half an hour and you'll soon be yourself again."

—Life.

Lyndon, Caleb, Guardian of Nathaniel Lyndon, Minor, Dec. 3, 1798.

Lawton, Jonathan, Will: dated Dec. 3, 1799; proved Aug. 3, 1801. Mentions wife: sons, Jeremiah, Jonathan, daughter, Free love Cutler; grandch., Wm. Howard, Rob't Brattel, Phoebe Howard, Eliz' B. Wm. Hart. Witnesses: J. Galea, Eliza Galea, Patience Wilcocks. Son Samuel Lawrence Executor.

Merchant, Henry, Will: dated Aug. 15, 1796; proved Sept. 5, 1798. Mentions wife, Rebecca; daughters, Sarah Merchant, Elizabeth Sessions; Son, William Merchant. Witnesses: Wm. Ellery, Daniel W. Hoockey, Edm' T. Ellery, Son Wm. Merchant executor.

Cranton, Esther, wife Adriana

tration on estate of granted to Esther Morris, Oct. 21, 1799. (To be continued.)

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